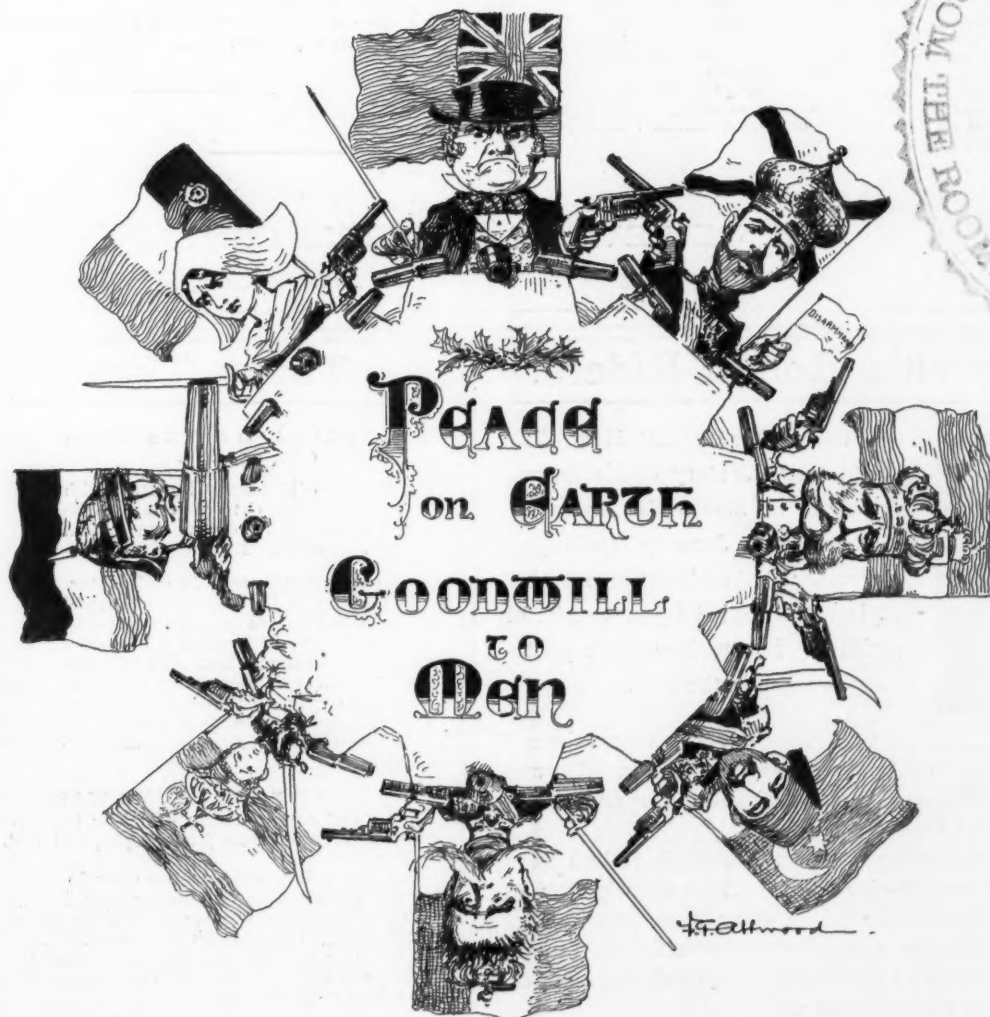
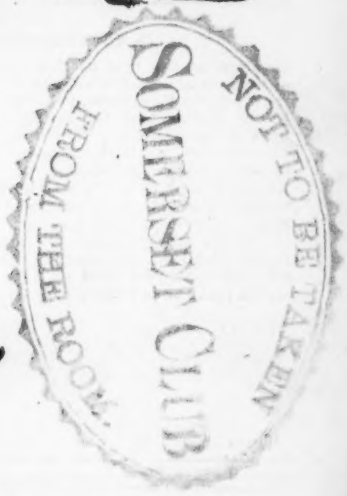


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A CHRISTMAS SATIRE.



# Our War in Two Hemispheres.

The Complete History of the Spanish-American Struggle.

ALBERT SHAW, Ph.D., Editor. Special Chapters by more than thirty contributors.

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The scores of subjects, technical or special, which are included in this work have been treated by special contributors selected by Dr. Albert Shaw, the editor of the AMERICAN MONTHLY REVIEW OF REVIEWS and of this volume. In this way only could such a broadly conceived work be prepared adequately so quickly after the cessation of hostilities.

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# LIFE.

## Sanctum Talks.

"HOWDY, LIFE?"

"How are you, Colonel?"

"I came in to—"

"Yes. I know you are in trouble. I've heard of your election."

"Well, aren't you glad of it?"

"Reasonably so, Governor. Your methods have



been a little more theatrical than I could wish—"

"But—"

"Yes, I know you've had some bad examples."

"But don't you think a man has a right to resort to almost anything to get elected?"

"Certainly, certainly; of course; unquestionably."

"Even if—"

"To be sure. From the outside it's politics, from the inside it's patriotism. No man is a politician in his own party."

"And what shall I do with Platt?"

"That isn't the question, Teddy."

"What is, then?"

"What's Platt going to do with you?"

"Do you know?"

"Yes. If you have sand enough to turn him down—and the others, too, Teddy, he's—"

"What?"

"Going to help make you President."

"But that—"

"Yes, I know. It does take a certain amount of corruption to be President, but—"

"Well?"

"Furnish it yourself, Teddy. Now run along and be a good boy."

"Thanks, LIFE."

"Not at all, Governor."

## The Proper Defense.



A N officer whose war record was somewhat shady, largely owing to his excellent judgment in selecting trees that were impenetrable, was finally goaded to the point of trying to make a defense. Collecting all the newspaper articles that reflected on his courage, and securing copies of the state-

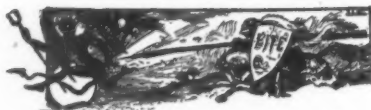
ments furnished to the investigating committee appointed to deal with just such cases as his, he took them to a prominent lawyer and asked to have proceedings instituted to prosecute his detractors for libel and slander. The lawyer took over the papers, and, promising to examine them, told his prospective client to call again in a couple of days. When the officer called, the lawyer handed him back his papers, with the remark:

"I have examined this matter carefully, and I don't think anything would be gained by beginning a series of libel suits. The charges made against you regarding your conduct in that battle are so circumstantial and backed by so many affidavits that I can't see what you could do to disprove them."

"Then you don't intend to help me punish the men who have vilified me," said the officer, hotly.

"I can't. As far as that battle is concerned you have no ground for a libel suit; but," and he smiled a smile that had nothing of hero worship in it, "you have a splendid chance to prove an alibi."





"While there is Life there's Hope."  
VOL. XXXII. DECEMBER 22, 1906. No. 838.  
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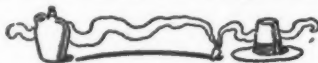


THE report that Japan was willing to pay two hundred millions for the Philippines seems to have had no basis; but if there had been such a proposition, with the strongest fiscal backing, it is not apparent that it could have been entertained. The Philippines are now ours to hold or to leave, but that they are ours to sell, or even to swap, is far from clear. Our motives for taking them were pious motives, and our conduct must justify them. If we should turn them over to anyone but the Filipinos themselves, especially if we were to sell them, it would be hard for us to persuade even ourselves that we did not wrest them from Spain merely because it was good business and we wanted them. We are at liberty to improve the Filipinos all we can; to teach them to wear more clothes, burn more kerosene, eat more bacon, ride on railroads of all sorts, use telephones and telegraphs, cabinet organs, pianos, plows, yachts, carriages, sewing machines, threshing machines, and all other machines; play golf, drink whiskey and California wines, read the Bible and other books, read newspapers, and get satisfaction out of life according to our highly civilized ideas. In return for our trouble in giving instruction, we will be at liberty to sell them clothes, mineral oil, railroad iron, intoxicants, books, machinery, and anything else we can get paid for. If we are polite, we will give other nations a chance to do the same. But we are not at liberty to sell the Fili-

pinos themselves, unless some purchaser comes along who is bigger than we are, and hammers us until we are willing to let go and take the purchaser's price. It is a serious matter to do anything from conscientious motives; but conscientious motives, once professed, impose embarrassing obligations. We might possibly reconcile it with our own professions to entrust the management of the Philippines to a commission, to be composed of representatives of the Pope, the Sultan, and the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions; but that solution of our perplexities has not as yet been seriously proposed.



WE have had a new illustration of the unreasonableness of the Spanish mind in the obstinate dissatisfaction of the Spanish Government with President McKinley's allusion in his message to the blowing up of the *Maine*. Everyone must recall that after the *Maine* was destroyed we took great pains to find out what caused the explosion, and determined, more or less to our satisfaction, that the explosive was of external application, and that the Spanish Government was morally responsible for it. All that the President said about the matter was in strict accordance with the findings of our Board. Yet his allusion seems to have given such offense at Madrid that a formal protest against the imputation of responsibility for that melancholy disaster is understood to have been made by the Spanish Commissioners before signing the treaty of peace. There is no satisfying Spain. She objects to everything. Her declaration that she intends to have the *Maine* disaster reinvestigated by a non-partisan commission illustrates anew the sentimentality of her disposition.



THE Commissioner of Internal Revenue reports an increase of three hundred and thirty-five millions in the consumption of cigars, which is interesting as evidence of the unusually disturbed state of the public mind this year, and the exceptional demand for a mental stimulant by persons engaged in the solution of such public questions as (1) What blew up the *Maine*? (2) What's the mat-

ter with Alger? (3) What's the President's own opinion? and (4) What shall we do with the Philippines?



ON the score of Speaker Reed's opposition to the late war with Spain, to the annexation of Hawaii, Porto Rico and the Philippines, and to other measures with which the Republican party has been lately identified, it has been sarcastically suggested that Mr. Reed would make a timely leader for the Democrats. Would that there were any chance of realizing that suggestion! Mr. Reed is pre-eminently qualified to sit on whatever needs repression. It has not been practicable of late for him to use his great natural gift in that direction to effectual purpose, but if he could once get the Democratic party behind him and sit down on it hard, he might become an instrument for great good in this leaderless country.



THERE is nervousness over the circumstance that Mr. Roberts, Congressman-elect from Utah, is a polygamist with three wives. Some excitable persons, including Mr. Dingley of Maine, think that Congress ought to take notice of his condition, and perhaps exclude him from his seat. That, however, seems of very doubtful expediency. Mr. Roberts accumulated his wives years ago, when polygamy was more prevalent in Utah than now, and, having got them, he cannot very well unload. But he must not expect that they will all three be received in Washington society as his wives. Washington has never approved of ostentatious polygamy, even in members of Congress. If Mr. Roberts will select one of his wives and file her photograph with the clerk of the District of Columbia, and bring her and no other wife to Washington during his term in Congress, there ought to be no trouble or ground of complaint from any reasonable person. His other wives, if they come to Washington at all, should come incognito, but it would be better for them to stay in Utah, or in New York, or somewhere where no one thinks about his neighbor and his families.



UNDER THE MISTLETOE.  
THE OLD MAN CAUGHT.



• HENRY • RUTT •

*Mr. Stimson:* BISHOP, SHALL I THANK THE LORD FOR THIS BOUNTIFUL MEAL?

*Willie Stimson:* YOU'D BETTER THANK THE BISHOP, POP. IF HE HADN'T BEEN HERE WE WOULDN'T HAVE HAD IT.

## BOOKSHINE

### A New Novel by George Gissing.

GEORGE GISSING is a disciple of Dickens in his method of character-drawing, but his theory of life is often more like Zola's. Poverty, misfortune, riches and pleasure are alike sordid and depressing. The trend of things is downward and at the last, sorrow and sin are apt to win the game. There is a kind of happiness which springs from food and drink and physical well-being, and, like Dickens, Mr. Gissing makes much of it. "Life abounds in such modes of happiness—yet we are told that it is a sad and sorry affair!" But there is no uplift in that kind of happiness; men and beasts have it in common.

IN "The Town Traveller" (Stokes) Mr. Gissing tells an ingenious tale with a not unkindly streak of humor in it. His people are seldom malevolent. They quarrel and bicker, and say mean things to each other, but they are not subtly devilish. They move about in their little world of commonplace vulgarities with few aspirations or unsatisfied ambitions. A noble lord who leads a double life is always in the background of the story, and is the one concession which the author makes to the spirit of romance. But in the end the commonplace conquers, and the noble lord dies without making any provision for his wife and child—who had a very narrow escape from being thrust into the British aristocracy. The widow marries the complacent and good humored Gammon instead, and fate was probably very kind to her in solving her future that way.

A prize in a "missing word" contest falls to another happy pair, and altogether the book closes in a fairly satisfactory matrimonial glow. Compared with most of this author's work, this is a cheerful story. But there is not a touch of idealism in it—and for that Mr. Gissing is not to blame, because he does not write that kind of a book.

As a craftsman, he does extremely well the whole business of story-writing—construction, style and characterization.

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS has published the third of his stories of the Franco-Prussian war, under the title "Ashes of Empire" (Stokes). Like its predecessors, "The Red Republic" and "Lorraine," it gives a vivid picture of that dramatic event, and the historical parts of it are founded on a full knowledge of the period and personal familiarity with the setting of the tale. But the events are never allowed to swamp the main purpose of the novel, which is a charming love-story. The author gives a romantic swing to his narrative that carries the reader through the battles and hairbreadth escapes with a rush. He has the story-teller's gift, and an exuberant, picturesque style.

THE "Esmond" volume of the Biographical Edition of Thackeray (Harper) contains one of the most interesting of Mrs. Ritchie's introductions. Taken together, these do not reveal a new Thackeray, but they confirm, with many



His Grace: THAT WAS A CAPITAL JOKE YOU TOLD ME LAST WEEK. I WAS LAUGHING OVER IT YESTERDAY.

"SO SOON?"

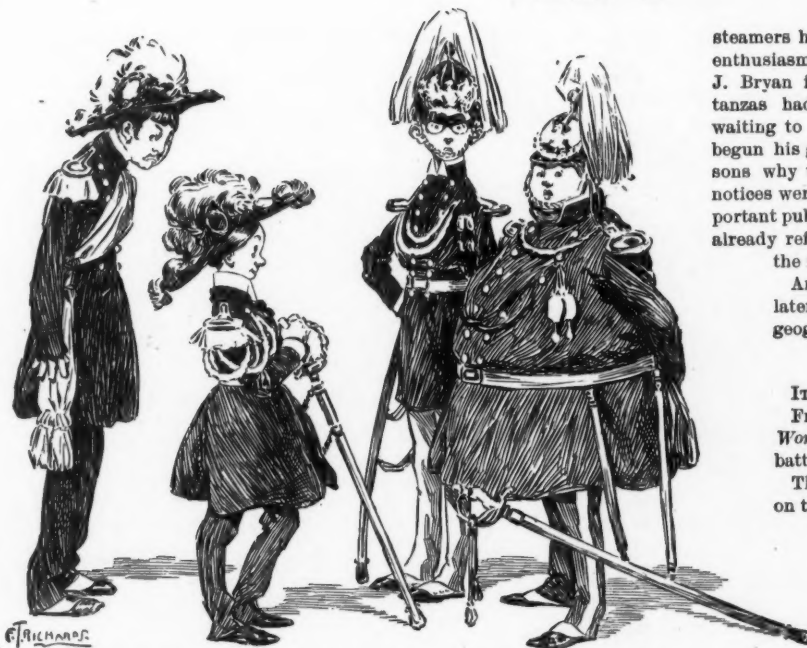
new anecdotes and bits of letters, the old, old Thackeray who has grown so steadily into the first place in the hearts of lovers of English fiction.

Like so many of the greatest of them, Thackeray was always a sincere, conscientious man of letters, who detested the "literary pose." Whether he was a clubman, a social lion, or simply a considerate and thoughtful father, he was always a gentle, kindly man, who wished to be judged in all these relations as other men are judged. In one of these recently published letters he says: "You have seen there has been an absurd outcry here about neglected men of genius, about the excuses to be made for literary men; they are to get drunk, to blink their tradesmen, to leave their children without bread. . . . I have been earning my own bread with my pen for near twenty years

now, and sometimes very hardly too, but in the worst time, please God, never lost my own respect."

How can anyone write truly and with insight about other people if he puts himself in a class apart, and, because he is engaged in the business of literature, asks for himself a standard of judgment different from that accorded to a banker, a lawyer, or a hod-carrier? The permanent hold of Thackeray on men of affairs and men of the world is in great measure due to this same attitude toward the world and his own place in it. The man who tries to live like a genius seldom is one. And the surest instrument of his punishment is generally his own work, which he puts forth to justify his claim to being a genius.

Droch.



"An army had not only been raised, but officered, without the assistance of West Point."

## Life's History of the War.

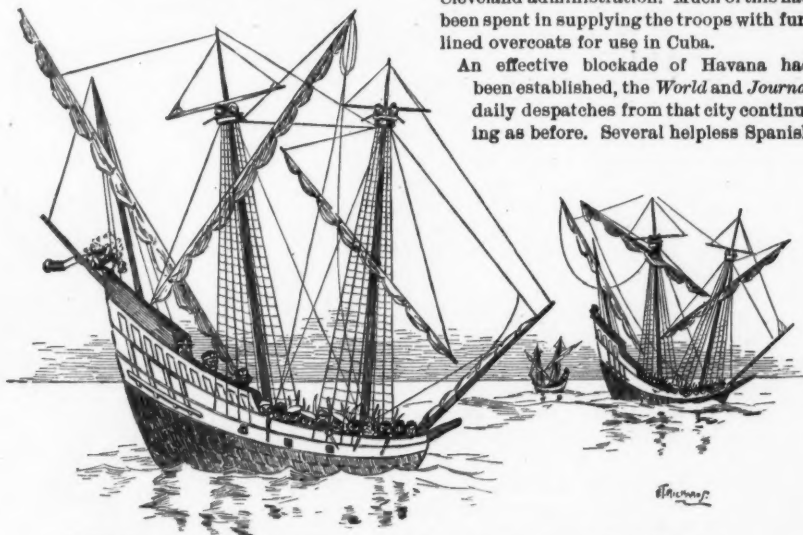
### II.

#### CHAPTER VI.

THE heads of the government had now good reason to be satisfied with the situation. Congress, having done all the damage possible under the circumstances, was about to adjourn, the members retiring to their various fortresses, carefully pulling up the drawbridges behind them.

An army had not only been raised, but officered, without the assistance of West Point, an evidence to the world of the great political resources of the country. Major-General Shafter's field health-bandage was almost completed, four Dingley mills having been running night and day for six weeks to accomplish this gigantic task. Only a dollar and a quarter was left from the fifty-million-dollar emergency fund voted by Congress to be taken out of the money raised by the Cleveland administration. Much of this had been spent in supplying the troops with fur-lined overcoats for use in Cuba.

An effective blockade of Havana had been established, the *World* and *Journal* daily despatches from that city continuing as before. Several helpless Spanish



"The Spanish Admiral's fleet consisted of the *Nina*, the *Pinta* and the *Santa Maria*."

steamers had already been captured, amid the greatest enthusiasm. John Brisben Walker in the East and W. J. Bryan in the West were ready and waiting. Matanzas had notified Admiral Sampson that she was waiting to be bombarded. Fitzhugh Lee had already begun his great book on Cuba, one of the principal reasons why the war had been started, and the advance notices were already crowding out the headlines in important publications. The invincible Board of Strategy, already referred to, was presiding over the destinies of the nation.

An event was now about to occur which proved later on to be a cause of great expense to all geographical publishers.

#### CHAPTER VII.

It is a wise historian that knows his own facts. From a careful perusal of the *Herald* and *World*, we will now give a description of the battle of Manila Bay.

The *Herald* correspondent entered Manila Bay on the morning of May 1st.



"Fitzhugh Lee had already begun his great book on Cuba."

According to custom and the traditions of all well-regulated descriptions of battles, it is now necessary to give the long and uninteresting account of the strength of the fighting force on each side, which we omit.

The Spanish Admiral's fleet consisted of the *Nina*, the *Pinta* and the *Santa Maria*, three effective vessels built by Columbus, and thoroughly armored with Castilian shingles. These were in turn aided by a force of three torpedo boats and Admiral Montojo's flagship, the *Ulla Ulla Ulla*, and further assisted by the batteries in the rear, which during the battle kept up a



"On the American side were the representatives of the Herald, World and Journal."

constant shower of wooden bullets, furnished by the Spanish War Department.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

On the American side were the representatives of the *Herald*, *World* and *Journal*, the *World*, *Herald* and *Journal*, or the *Journal*, *Herald* and *World*, according to the sworn testimony of different eye-witnesses.

They were assisted by a few officers belonging to the United States Navy, Commodore George Dewey, and several hundred American sailors, including the men behind the guns.

The flagship *Olympia* led the way, followed by the *Baltimore* and *Raleigh*, and began a game known as the merry-go-round, which consists of circling around the enemy until the bell rings for breakfast.

This important function concluded, the game continues until the enemy is vanquished.

#### CHAPTER IX.

HITHERTO, the Secretary of War had been engaged only in those vast preparations which in the army left nothing to be desired but food, medicine, ammunition and clothes.

Absorbed in the work of selecting friends and relatives to guard the lives of our common soldiers, he was aroused



"Circling around the enemy until the bell rings for breakfast."

by the news of the battle of Manila Bay.

It now became time for him to act. Someone whom he despised and hated and had a grudge against must be appointed at once to go to the Philippines. The place was remote, the climate bad, and the chance for glory not strongly visible.

No one would do so well in a crisis like this as General Wesley Merritt. He was accordingly sent for.

"You will take two hundred men," said Secretary Alger, "and proceed to Manila, and keep conquering it until further orders."

"Do you think two hundred men will be enough?" asked Merritt.

"Beware, sir," warned the Secretary, "of protesting against orders, or you may be forced to resign."

General Merritt was thoughtful for a moment. "Sir," said he, "what happened to you once is not likely to occur to us now, with McKinley in the Presidential chair. I want fifteen thousand men."

"Never! Why, with that number you would succeed! It cannot be done!"

"Very well," replied the General, triumphantly; "I shall appeal to the *New York Herald*."

The rest is history.

Tom Masson.

(To be continued.)

#### A Slight Mistake.

THE man in clerical black tiptoed softly into the office and sat down on the edge of a chair, with his hat held in both hands. The manager of the International Amusement Company regretfully put down the morning paper at a point where Welterweight Timi had only half finished the Oshkosh Boy, and remarked: "Well, sir?"

"I—er—I am the pastor of the Lonesomehurst Chapel," said the visitor, "and I called to see you about that entertainment which you furnished us last evening."

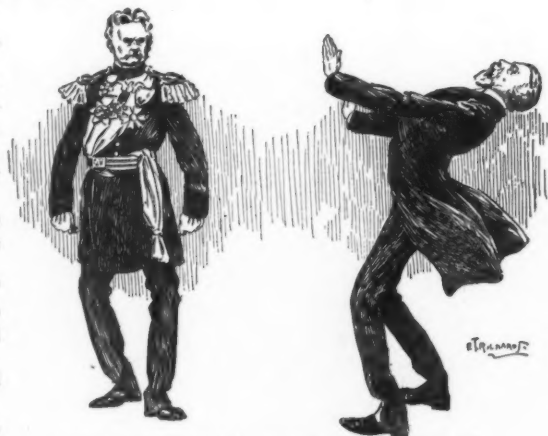
"Oh, yes. Let's see; we sent you Doddsey with his talk about 'Through Palestine with Camel and Camera.' How d'you like it?"

"I—that is—we thought there must have been some mistake."

"Mistake! Wasn't the lecture all right? I assure you that Mr. Doddsey never touches a drop."

"Oh, it wasn't that. The lecturer was all right, and he gave us a very interesting and instructive discourse; but the pictures were hardly appropriate, and I'm afraid that spoiled the effect. They were views of a prize fight taken in some place called Carson City, and Mr. Doddsey, having his back to the screen, did not notice them until he was almost through."

But before the manager had finished explaining, a committee from the Knockout Sporting Club was wrecking the furniture of the outer office.



"Very well," replied the General, triumphantly; "I shall appeal to the *New York Herald*."



OH, the Yule log snapped and sparkled  
Till the red flame quivered high,  
Steeping wall and roof and rafter  
In its rich and vivid dye.  
And around the bowl of wassail  
Ran a soft, incessant chime—  
'Twas the graybeards clinking glasses  
To the joy of Christmas time.

Oh, the dance waxed mad and merry  
With the light heels overhead,  
Hands across and down the middle  
Went the gayly measured tread.  
While "Away with Melancholy!"  
Squeaked the fiddles, and the air  
Swept a stir of revel o'er us  
As we sat beneath the stair.

Oh, the sweet and subtle magic  
That at work within the heart  
Drew us tenderly together,  
Held us tremulous apart!  
Why, we thought our lips were touching  
Just for love—we did not know  
It was all because above us  
Hung a bough of mistletoe.

M. E. W.

### An Enterprising Descendant.

THE announcement that their son is bringing out the love letters of Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning and promises to publish them all, without suppressions or excisions, affords a gratifying proof of the decay of certain antiquated sentimentalities concerning the right to privacy, and the indecency of exposing the intimacies of family relations to public view. Time was when a man's affections were his own affair, his personal letters were sacred, and an attempt to bring either into pub-

licity was an insult which every member of his family would resent to the uttermost. But that has passed, and family letters, like family offices, have become a legitimate source of profit.

It is also interesting as showing that certain tendencies supposed to be peculiar to our country are fully developed elsewhere. The yellow journals have long preached the right of the public to every detail of everybody's life, but even they never went so far as Mr. Browning. It never occurred to Mr. Pulitzer to apply to Longfellow's daughters for details of their father's courtship, and Mr. Hearst has never persuaded Judge Holmes to publish a full account of the intercourse between the Autocrat and the Schoolmistress. They must look to their laurels. It was left for an outsider to conceive the idea of a son's making a good thing out of his mother's love letters.

### A Regret of the Season.

NOW has my Christmas joy decreased,  
My feelings are not pleasant;  
For I find the girl I love the least  
Sent me the nicest present.

### It Depends.

"PAPA, does the President always know just what he is going to do?"  
"Not always, my son. Sometimes Alger's out of town."

FIRST NEW YORKER: Did you note any points of resemblance between the Old World and the New, when you were abroad?

SECOND NEW YORKER: Well, Jerusalem and Ireland looked familiar.



One Shade: Our WIFE SEEMS TO ENJOY HERSELF.



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THE EDUCATION OF  
XVI.

MR. PIPP MEETS TWO OF THE COURIER'S INTIMATE



EDUCATION OF MR. PIPP.

XVI.

MR. PIPP'S INTIMATE FRIENDS, A PRINCE AND A DUKE.

## Three Wise Men of Gotham.



1896.  
**S** AID Joseph: "What a horrid man is Thomas Collier P. I For he prefers as Senator himself instead of me; Unless he were a scoundrel, sure that could not ever be. I really can't associate with persons such as he."

Said Seth: "I say so, too!"  
 "And I!" said Elihu.

1897.  
 Said Seth unto the people: "Oh, my brothers! Oh, beware Of Platt and all his methods! Though he seem so debonair, There's nothing in the catalogue of crime he will not dare. So doff your coats, my brothers all, and quick elect me Mayor."

Said Joe: "I say so, too!"  
 "And I!" said Elihu.

1898.

Said Elihu to Joe and Seth: "I speak it to our shames, That Mr. Platt's a gentleman whom we've called ugly names; Yet, if we will not get too gay and put up Cit's U. games, He'll make me Senator and send dear Joseph to St. James'."

Asked Seth: "And me—er—too?"

"Perhaps!" said Elihu.

W. B. McVickar.



## Two Stars of Different Schools.



**M**R. WILLIAM H. CRANE has so firmly established a reputation for lack of versatility that it is highly surprising to see him anything but exactly the same pleasingly humorous Mr. Crane, with whose mannerisms and modes of attack we have been familiar for years. As *Thomas Holden*, Mr. Crane introduces some additions to his usual methods which are as grateful as they are unexpected. The serious forcefulness shown in the climax at the end of the second act of "The Head of the Family" evinces qualities which Mr. Crane in all his long career, has never shown before to any marked extent. His attempts at pathos are also in a new line, and, speaking frankly, cannot be called successful. Of course, they could not possibly be as bad as the awful wig Mr. Crane wears; but they are pretty bad. The play is adapted from the German by Messrs Clyde Fitch and Leo Ditrichstein. It has

its rough places and improbabilities, but provides a sufficient vehicle for Mr. Crane's abilities and excellent opportunities for the members of his company, some of whom grasp them, and some of whom do not even touch them. Miss Gladys Wallis is among the former, and her presentation of the spoiled girl of fifteen or sixteen is as clever a bit of legitimate comedy as any actress has given here for a long time. The leading part is assigned to Miss Percy Haswell, whose delivery of her lines leads one to think that she must be a graduate of one of those institutions where is carried on the manufacture of the recording cylinders for phonographs. She does her full share in robbing the emotional scenes of any pathos they might possibly have. Three statuesque and Juno-like ladies, by name Miss Kate Lester, Miss Ysobel Haskins and Miss Olive Oliver, fill their parts acceptably, and their combined massiveness makes the men of the company look like the proverbial thirty cents. The costumes of these ladies are remarkable. Not even the Queen of Sheba was ever arrayed like one of these. It is not strange that we see so much bad taste displayed in women's dress when the stage sets such bad examples. The men of the play are conventional types. The villain betrays the foreign origin of the piece, for in America, instead of being tolerated for an instant in any decent household, he would be incontinent and immediately kicked out into a cold, cold world.

If one is not too critical, and can ignore a few crudities and improbabilities, the performance of "The Head of the Family" by Mr. Crane and his company furnishes an agreeable evening's amusement.



**A**MBITION in art, solely for art's sake, is so infrequently met with nowadays among people of the stage, that Miss Julia Arthur's demonstration of it is not only noteworthy but most highly commendable. Her personal circumstances have become such that acting as a means of livelihood is not necessary. Of choice, she continues the arduous labors of her profession, and increases them by undertaking elaborate productions of the plays in which she appears, and by constantly increasing her repertory.

Last week her versatility was tested in the contrasting parts of *Mercedes* in Mr. Aldrich's little play of that name, and as *Galatea* in W. S. Gilbert's well-known comedy version of "Pygmalion and Galatea." The former is only a one-act piece, but as the passionate Spanish girl she confirmed the success she made in the part a few years ago. It is less attractive than some of her other creations, but gives good scope for her more serious qualities.

Her *Galatea* was rather disappointing. She was more lovely and womanly than statuesque. Her lines were spoken with perfect intelligence, but without the seriousness which gives Mr. Gilbert's humor its true value. She is not the *Galatea* impressed and wondering at the strangeness and inconsistencies of the new life to which she is brought, but a woman who sees the fun of her own wonderment. To be at their best, Mr. Gilbert's lines must be delivered with absolute conviction of their seriousness, and this Miss Arthur seems to fail to realize. Miss Mary Anderson probably never understood the humor of the part, and it was this that made her *Galatea* one of her greatest successes. Miss Arthur must also secure a more competent support if her productions are to give her the glory that her ambition apparently craves.



**T**HE vulgar woman with only one hat and only one place to show it—the theatre—has become practically extinct in New York. She is occasionally seen, but the presence of her head-gear marks her conspicuously

as an outer barbarian from Osh Kosh or Kala Mazoo. She has found a worthy successor, though, in the high-haired young female person who is to be seen mostly at the Kosher theatres. This latter rejoices in the curls and kinks of her Kosher tresser and pines them about to be seen of all men, Jew and Gentile alike. Doing her best, she can hardly hope to rival the out-of-date atrocities in the millinery line, but, with the aid of the dealer in false hair, she manages to cut off a considerable portion of one's view of the stage. Should this evil fashion become general, we may expect to meet lovers of the drama going to the theatre armed with bottles of the depilatory so alluringly advertised under the head, "Superfluous Hair Instantaneously Removed." *Meicatye.*

**L**IFE'S very latest and absolutely reliable advices are to the effect that President McKinley has not demanded the resignation of Secretary Alger.



THE PARTING OF THE WAYS.

### Love!

'TIS said, woman loves not her lover  
So much as she loves his love of her;  
Then loves she her lover  
For love of her lover,  
Or love of her love of her lover?

### The World's Progress.

MR. AND MRS. EXMORE MILYUNS, from Tuxedo, and Mr. and Mrs. Nowe Watchus-Watchus, from Newport, are at the Astoria.

Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. E. Normus Inkhum, Mr. and Mrs. Lleven Pursent, Mrs. Abel Pusher, Mrs. Parvenu Cutter, and Mr. and Mrs. T. Struckitin Oyle. Mrs. Struckitin Oyle wore a gorgeous toilet of vieux rose brocade, made in Louis XIII. fashion, the front being of point lace, and her ornaments were diamonds and pearls.



Mrs. Theodore Pushan Styck wore a vaprous turquoise gown, with touches of sable, and a quantity of magnificent jewels, a diamond dog-collar necklace being especially noticed.

Miss Sniffey Topper likes the opera. She dotes on conversation. Her cousin, Miss Chianti Sky-pointer, is also fond of music; but it depends on who's there, don't you know.

Mrs. Climer Pusshe wore a long smart coat of apple-green velvet trimmed in sable, with large hat to match and a muff of the fur. The gown concealed by this garment was of solid calico, finished with wide bands of sable.

The Earl and Countess of Marmalade left for Chicago in the afternoon.

It is reported that P. G. Double Style Shamme, in putting on his trousers, always inserts his left leg first. He says there is no especial reason for this. It is just habit.

### None Better.

WILLIAMSON: Why is it a young fellow will make a fool of himself to catch a wife?

"Because it's the best bait he can use."



A SCOTCH DEERHOUND.

### Christmas Wishes.

WE sat beneath the holly,  
The Yule log bright aglow,  
And gay had been our laughter,  
But now its tide was low.  
Blue eyes were growing wistful,  
Red lips a drooping bow;  
I thought my darling loved me,  
I thought—but did not know.  
"Comē, let us play at wishing!"  
I whispered, heart a-beat.  
My lips were all a-tremble,  
My pulses wild and fleet.  
Still lower fell her lashes,  
My glance she would not meet.  
"My wish I first will utter,  
And you shall answer, Sweet.  
I know a little lassie,  
Her eyes are blue—so blue,  
The dewdrops on the pansies  
Are not so fair to view.  
I wish this lass were mine, Dear."  
The silence softer grew.  
Then sighed she, smiling upward:  
"I wish your wish were true!"

Samuel Minturn Peck.

### Time Enough.

"PAPA," said little Bobbie Splinter,  
"is America one of the Powers?"  
"Not yet, my boy," replied his father.  
"Its humanitarian policy hasn't been  
developed far enough."



His Last Year's Suit; NOT A GLANCE! AND ONCE I WAS ALL HE THOUGHT OF.

## Getting at the Facts.

"NOW, Dreyfus," begins the examiner, "your great and magnanimous country, which you so wretchedly betrayed, has sent me six thousand miles to take your testimony in the case which we are sure we can prove against you. You will please address yourself to the questions which the Court has carefully prepared for you to answer. First, how do you like being a prisoner?"

"Not at all," replies the prisoner, candidly.

"What!" cries the examiner. "And after all the trouble your country has been at to send you here? Ungrateful hound! Well, what do you think of Zola as a novelist?"

"I am sure I don't see—" murmurs the prisoner. "But I find great delight in reading his works."

"Ah, ha! Take care! You know you need not incriminate yourself. So, now, if you didn't write the bordereau, why didn't you? And if you didn't, who did? Under what circumstances—when, where, how? If so, why? And if not, why not? You are silent. You look confused—that is to say, guilty. Bad! I must note this. Undoubtedly it will tell against you. To resume, what do you think of universal disarmament?"

"I have been away from Europe a long while. What is it?"

"You profess ignorance, eh? Ignorance excuses no one, sir! Do you think the American pigs are justified in making such extortionate demands of Spain?"

"I don't know anything about that. What has that to do with my case?"

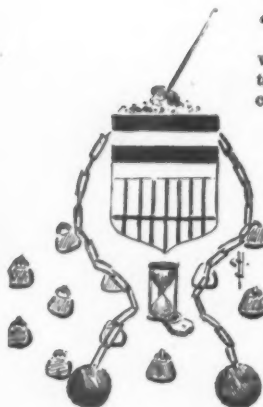
"Silence! Answer the questions. What are your views on the Fashoda affair?"

"I am uninformed—"

"Eh? You lack patriotism, then? That is very bad. Silence! What right had Emperor William to go to Jerusalem, or any other place?"

"I'm sure if he wanted to go—"

"Ah, ha! Conspiracy! You condone the acts of your country's mortal enemy!"



A TYPESETTER.

"But what has all this to do with my case?"

"That is contempt toward the Court. I must note it. Did you not, upon one occasion, take dinner with that arch-traitor, Picquart?"

"I may have done so; but—"

"Silence! You admit it! And can you deny that you were seen with a pen in your hand, writing, two days before the bordereau was discovered? You cannot! One more question. In your home was found a German beer-mug. How do you explain that? You don't. Enough! Back to the hut with him, soldiers and preservers of the honor of France! His testimony only confirms our suspicions."

"But may I ask—"

"No! Out with him! You may only answer what we ask. The honor of France must and shall be preserved!"

William Hoster.



Jimmie: SAY, WOT'S A FELLER GOIN' TO DO? ME MUDDER TOLD ME TO ALWAYS PERFECT ME LITTLE SISTER, AND ME FADDER TOLD ME NEVER TO LICK A KID SMALLER DEN MESELF.

## A Lively Competitor.

THE fame by doctors hardly won  
Is evidently going;  
The Christian Science death list makes  
Already a fair showing.

## In Doubt.

"MY son seems anxious for a literary career."

"What are you going to do with him?"

"I don't know whether to put him in the army or navy."

THERE are two things which entitle a man to wear things and say things that other people may not—a million dollars, and white hair.



WHEN LOVE GROWS COLD.



At a recent Bombay school board examination, one of the tasks was an essay on boys, and this was one of the compositions just as it was handed in by a girl of twelve:

"The boy is not an animal, yet they can be heard to a considerable distance. When a boy hollers he opens his big mouth like frogs, but girls hold their tongue till they are spoken to, and then they answer respectable, and tell just how it was. A boy thinks himself clever because he can wade where it is deep, but God made the dry land for every living thing, and rested on the seventh day. When the boy grows up he is called a husband, and then he stops wading and stays out at night, but the grew-up girl is a widow and keeps house."—*Pittsburg Bulletin*.

SMITH and Jones were talking one day about their business interests. Smith was a hotel man and Jones was a manufacturers' agent.

"I say," said Jones, "however do you use such an enormous quantity of pears and peaches?"

"Well," replied Smith, "we eat what we can, and what we can't eat we can."

"Indeed!" said the other; "we do about the same in our business."

"How is that?"

"We sell an order when we can sell it, and when we can't sell it we cancel it."—*Exchange*.

An enthusiastic Professor had been advocating the advantages of athletic exercise. "The Roman youths," he cried, "used to swim three times across the Tiber before breakfast."

The Scotch student smiled, at which the irate Professor exclaimed, "Mr. McAllister, why do you smile? We shall be glad to share your amusement."

The canny Scot replied: "I was just thinking, sir, that the Roman youths must have left their clothes on the wrong bank at the end of their swim."—*The Bookman*.

THE editor of the *Clarion* was a very patient man. A startling crash from the direction of the composing-room caused him to push his spectacles up on his brow and cease writing. When he found that the boy had let the first-page form fall on the floor, where it lay in an incoherent mass, he shook his head reproachfully, and exclaimed:

"Lemuel, I do wish that you could manage to break the news more gently."—*Exchange*.

THE master was coldly critical.

"You can paint minor details," he observed. "For instance, the sunshine, the sky, the mountains, the ocean, the earth, all these figures of men and women are exquisitely done. But your signature! Bah! How crude! How lacking in detail! How faulty in perspective!"

As for the disciple, he could but cast his palette upon the floor and weep aloud in his chagrin.—*Detroit Journal*.

"AM I the first girl you ever loved?" she asked him, more as a matter of habit than anything else.

"I cannot tell a lie," said he. "You are not. You are simply the best of the bunch."

Being a modern maid, she was content with that.

—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

"HE seems to prize his fiancée highly," said the first sweet thing.

"Naturally," replied the other sweet thing. "She's hand-painted, you know."

Of course there was no jealousy in the case; certainly not.—*Chicago Post*.



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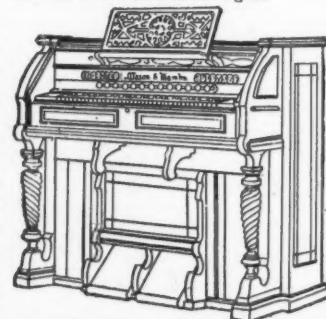
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# HARPER'S MAGAZINE



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## A History of the Spanish War

covering all the important events leading up to and during the war itself. This will be without doubt the most authoritative history of the late war, will be fully illustrated, and especially written

By HON. HENRY CABOT LODGE

United States Senator, and member of the Foreign Relations Committee, a position that has eminently qualified him for the task. Mr. Lodge will leave no stone unturned in his efforts to present to his readers an accurate, unbiased account of the late war from start to finish.

### SERIAL STORIES

will be a strong feature of the MAGAZINE during 1899. Three famous authors have contributed their latest works for the benefit of its readers.

## Their Silver-Wedding Journey

By WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

will afford pleasure and enjoyment to the reader. It is a story of Europe revisited after twenty-five years, and it is enlivened by a love theme.

THE PRINCESS XENIA

By H. B. Marriott Watson

A SPANISH WAR STORY

By John Fox, Jr.

### ARTICLES ON THE WAR

NAVAL LESSONS OF THE WAR

By H. W. Wilson,  
Author of "Ironclads in Action."

ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLEET

By Lieut. S. R. Staunton, U. S. N.

Other articles about the war, equally interesting, will appear from month to month, all of which will have characteristically artistic illustrations.

### SHORT STORIES

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"Because your brain is in sympathy with your stomach."

"It is? Well, it shows darn poor judgment."

—Chicago Tribune.

RIGID RULES ENFORCED.

Veterinaries of the N. Y. Condensed Milk Company examine cows supplying milk for the Gall Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk, to guard against any contamination. Send for "Infant Health." Information valuable to every mother.

ALGERNON: In what month were you—aw—bawn?

MISS KEENE: No matter. The appropriate stone is the diamond.—*Jewelers' Weekly*.

"AN ORIGINAL IDEA."

They speak in the fashionable circles, in relation to the battle of flowers, of an exquisite novelty, which undoubtedly will have a widespread success. A rich stranger has had the idea, so it is said, to decorate her brilliant equipage with Fleurs Sachets, a creation of Oriza-Legrand—Violets, Roses and Pinks imitating to the perfection natural flowers, spreading the most delicious perfumes. The idea is original and seductive.

MISTRESS (angrily): See, Bridget, I can write my name in the dust on this mantel-piece.

BRIDGET (admiringly): There's nothin' like eddication after all; is there, mum?—*Roxbury Gazette*.

HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON.

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"MR. YABSLEY, may I ask why you always dip your knife in your glass of water before cutting your steak?"

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—*Pittsburg Bulletin*.

CHRISTMAS PLEASURES OLD AND YOUNG.

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"Well, do you mean it, really?"—*Wasp*.

JOSH BILLINGS ONCE SAID:

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This, of course, is only a small part of the Magazine, which also aims to interest every member of the family circle. An analysis of its contents for December will show how truly it deserves its name of Cosmopolitan and how wide its range of interest.

**IN FICTION ALONE IT OFFERS FOUR COMPLETE STORIES. ALL BY FAMOUS AUTHORS.**

Retirement of Signor Lambert, by A. Conan Doyle. The Wolf of Thin Red Threads, by Stephen Crane. A Woman's Hand, by Grant Allen. The Mule, by Henry Seton Merriman.

**IN PSYCHOLOGY, "WHAT DO I FEAR?"**

A Symposium, by William Dean Howells Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Mme. Janau-schek, Chauncey M. Depew, Admiral Gherardi, Viola Allen and Richard Croker.

**IN ADVENTURE, A VERY EXTRAORDINARY ARTICLE.**

A Dangerous Mission to Spain, by the only American-born official who was sent to Spain during the war.

**OF THE GREATEST HISTORICAL INTEREST.**

Is the "Autobiography of Napoleon Bonaparte," nearing the conclusion of the most famous historical publication of the year.

**OF RELIGIOUS INTEREST.**

Is The College of Cardinals in History, by Charles Henry Meltzer.

**IN TRAVEL, A LIGHT, PLEASANT ARTICLE.**

Geisha Girls, by Miss Alice Nielsen, the Actress.

**IN ART, A USEFUL, INSTRUCTIVE ARTICLE.**

Art in Portrait Photography will be found to be a very interesting discussion of the subject by Rupert Hughes.

**IN WOMAN'S FASHIONS.**

The Muff in Woman's Costume. By Margaret S. Patterson.

**A FAMOUS SCIENTIST.**

Sir Norman Lockyer writes on The Eclipse Expedition to India.

**IN LITERATURE.**

The World of Art and Letters is covered by Israel Zangwill.

**IN EDUCATION.**

Suggestions as to education in homes.

**INTERESTING PERSONALITIES.**

Home Life of English Royalty, by Arthur H. Beavan.

**FOR YOUNG MEN.**

What is a Gentleman? An English view by Julian Ralph and an American view by John Brisben Walker.

**GREAT PROBLEMS IN ORGANIZATION.**

The Street-Cleaning Work of Colonel Waring.

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JULIAN RALPH, America.  
FATHER TABB, America.  
IRVING BACHELLE, America.

SIR NORMAN LOCKYER, England.  
RUPERT HUGHES, England.  
ARTHUR H. BEAVAN, France.  
CHARLES HENRY MELTZER, America.

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THE EDUCATION OF MR. PIPP.  
VIII.

While in Paris Mr Pipp, just after dinner, steps out for a few moments with a chance acquaintance. It is now 2.30 A. M.

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blocked outside.

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a soap with no free al-  
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Liabilities . . . . .	19,146,860.00

Excess Security to Policy- holders . . . . .	\$3,722,635.11
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JULY 1, 1898.

Total Assets (Accident Pre- miums in the hands of Agents not included) . . . . .	\$24,103,036.00
Total Liabilities . . . . .	19,869,291.40

Excess Security to Policy- holders . . . . .	\$4,244,696.20
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Paid to Policy-holders since 1864 . . . . .	\$35,660,940.11
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Paid to Policy-holders January- July, '98 . . . . .	1,300,493.40
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Loaned to Policy-holders on Policies (Life) . . . . .	1,161,705.00
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Life Insurance in Force . . . . .	94,646,660.00
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**GAINS.**

6 MONTHS—JANUARY TO JULY, 1898.

In Assets . . . . .	\$1,234,099.50
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In Surplus (to Policy-holders) . . . . .	522,000.11
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In Insurance in Force (Life De- partment only) . . . . .	2,764,459.00
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Increase in Reserves . . . . .	706,042.11
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Premiums Received, 6 Months . . . . .	2,937,482.77
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